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The Crimea songster

London

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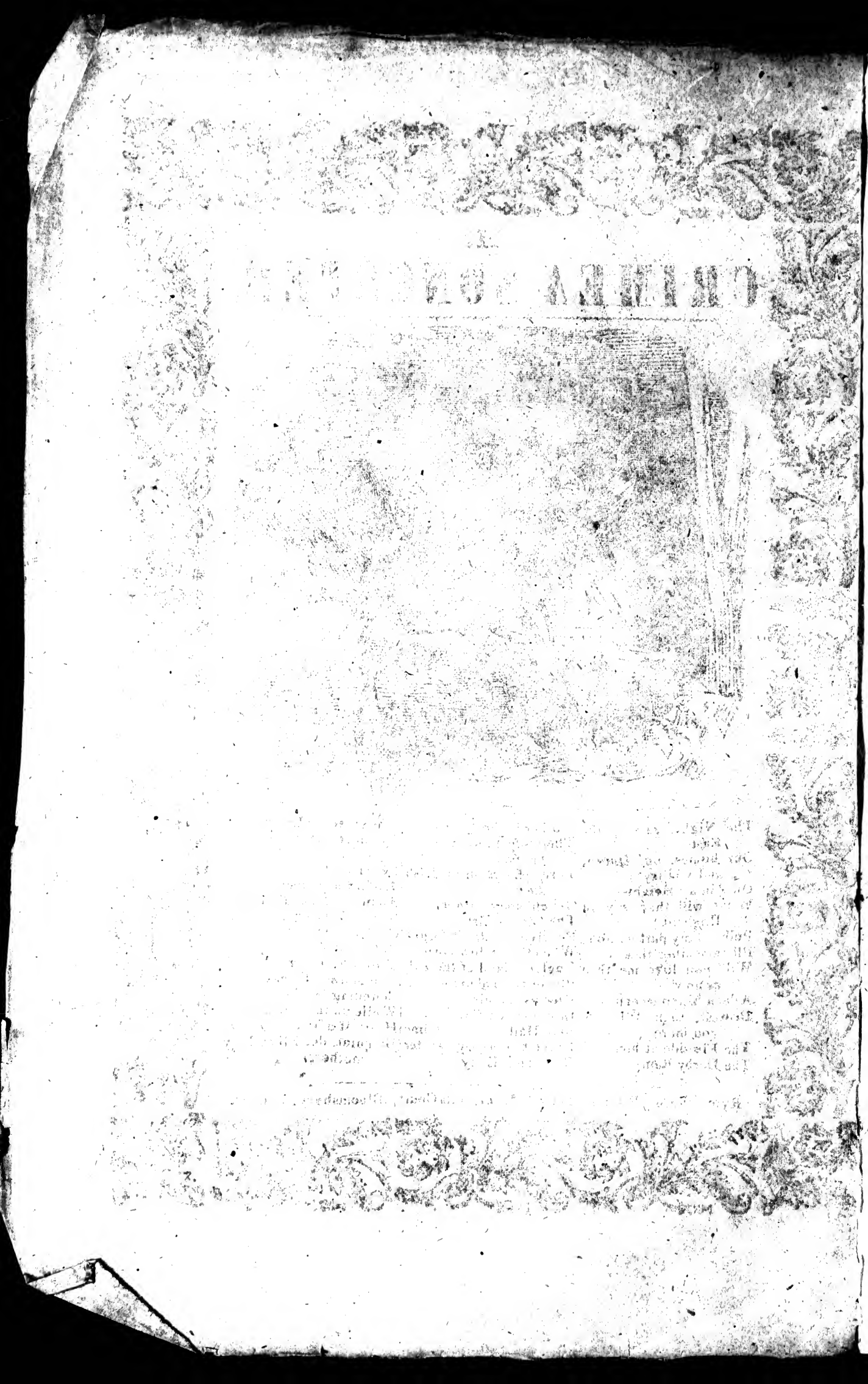
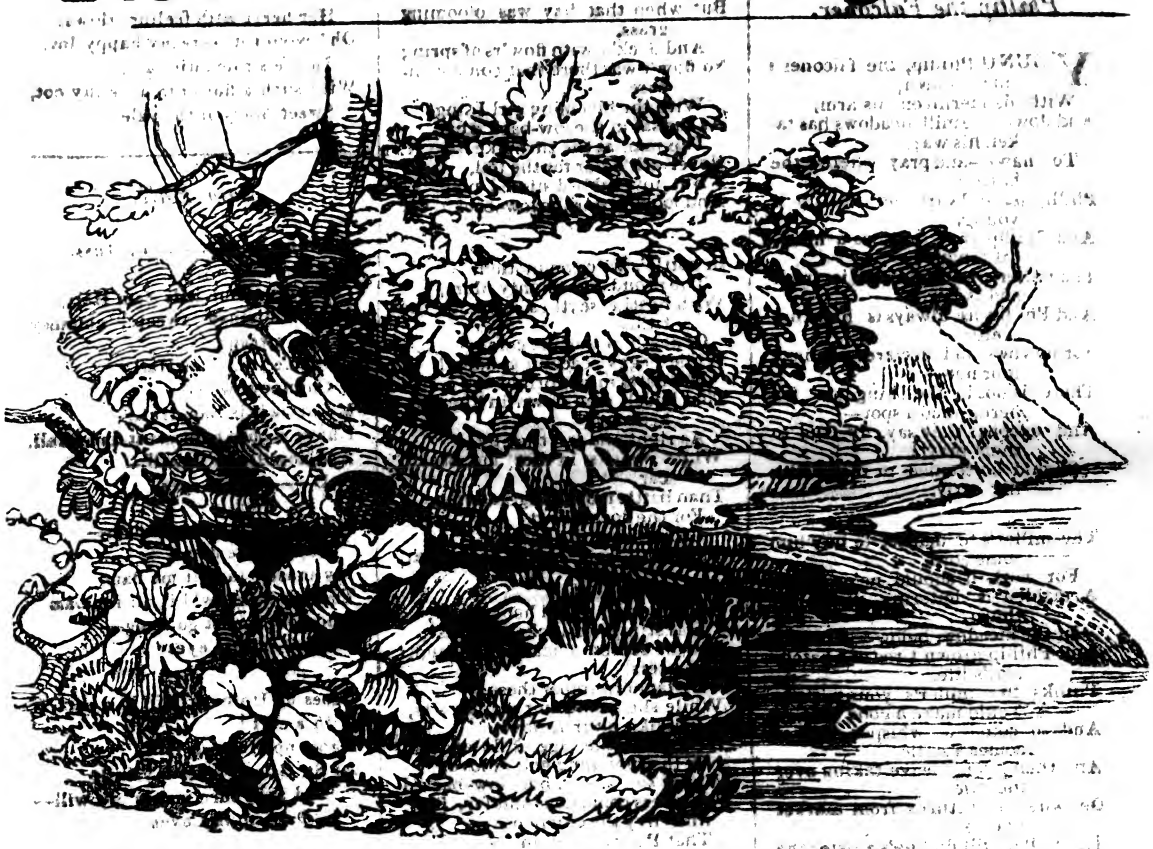
THE CRIMEA SONGSTER.

The Nightingale in the East
Our homes, our Queen, and victory
On Alma's Heights
What will they say in England
Poll ard my partner Joe
I'll remember thee
Will you love me then as new
Aileen Mavourneen
Dearest, then I'll love you more
The Fireside at home
The Derby Ram
Mother is the battle o'er
There's fortune on before us, boys
Three cheers for an Irish stew
O'd chimney corner
The Gipsey girl
Forgive but don't forget
When the yellow corn
England, land of the oak
Philip the Falconer
Free as the air
Low-backed Car
Sam Hall
I love the merry (time winter
Good ship Kitty
The Queen's Letter
I cannot leave old England
Cheer up Sam
Joe in the copper
Answer to Irish Emigrant
Sweet Mary of the vale
Cachuca Song
Robin Ruff
Merry Meeting
The Mermaid's cave
Sounding the bowl
While up the Shrouds
Heart of a Tar
Be quiet, do, I'll call my mother.

Ryle and Co., Printers, 2 and 3, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury, London.



The Crimea Songster!



The Nightingale in the East.

Tune "Cottage and Water Mill."

ON a dark lonely night on the Crimea's dread shore,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morning before.
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
Some crying for help---there was none to be found,
Now God in his mercy he pity'd their cries,
And the soldiers so cheerful in the morning doth rise,
So forward my lads, may your hearts never fail,
You are cheer'd by the presence of Miss Nightingale.

NowGod sent this woman to succour the brave,
Some thousands she's sav'd from an untimely grave.
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's bounteous and good,
The wants of the wounded and by her understood.
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone,
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments is torn,
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,
When cheer'd by the presence of Miss Nightingale.

Her heart it means good---for no bounty she'll take,
She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake,
She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the brave,
She feels that a soldier has a soul to be saved.
The wounded they love her, as it has been seen,
She's the soldier's preserver they call her their queen,
May God give her strength, and her heart never fail,
One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.

The wives of the wounded how thankful are they,
Their husbands are cared for, how happy are he,
Whatever her country, this gift God has given,
The soldiers they say she's an angel from Heaven.
Sing praise to this woman, and deny it who can,
And all women was sent for the comfort of man,
Let's hope no more against them you'll rail,
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss Nightingale.

Our homes! our Queen! and victory!

WAR'S trumpet sounds! and British hearts
Whene'er oppression tamely stand
Go forth to heal the cruel wounds,
Inflicted by a despot's hand.
And when upon a foreign shore,
The British soldier takes his way
'Up Guards!' and at 'em,' as of yore
Shall be the watchword to the fray
Then raise the standard! freedom calls,
To aid the weakest in the fight;
And with our troops & wooden walls
We pray, 'May Heav'n defend the right.'
Chorus—See the conquering hero comes.

Call to the despot's mind the day,
When England long embroil'd in war
Show'd to the hostile world the sway
She held at glorious Trafalgar.
We hoped for peace, and every plan
Was tried to calm the threaten'd storm;
NowEnglandexpectsthateverymen
His duty bravely will perform.
Then raise the standard, &c.
Chorus—Rule Britannia.

Our soldiers and our sailors brave,
Ne'er seek for war or carnage dire
But they can fight on land or wave,
To curb a despot's wild desire.
And every loyal heart will beat,
Responsive to the battle cry,—
A righteous cause knows no defeat,
Our homes our Queen, and victory
Then raise the standard, &c
Chorus—God save the Queen.

Phillip the Falconer.

YOUNG Phillip, the falconer's in the dawn,
With his merlin on his arm,
And down the mill meadows has taken his way,
To hawk—and pray where's the harm?
Phillip is stalwart and Phillip is young,
And Phillip, they say, has a musical tongue;
The miller's young sister is fresh and is fair,
And Phillip he always is hawking there;
For he vows and declares—believe it or not—
There is not in the kingdom such a spot—
And falcons, they say, fly true to their prey,
Should be trained in the morning early.

The miller's to market to buy him some corn,
For work it should ne'er be shirked
A maiden is loitering under the thorn,
In the meadow, below the mill,
And Phillip grown tired of a batchelor's life,
Thinks the miller's young sister would make a good wife,
And so comes a whisper, and so comes a smile,
And then a long leave-taking over the stile.
Oh, when he returns from market I guess,
The miller will find he's a sister the less,
For maidens, they say, do not always say nay,
When they are asked in the morning early.

Free as the Air.

FREE as the air I would be,
Like a breeze on a sweet summer's day;
O'er meadows of cowslips I'll trip,
Where the butterfly wingeth her way;
Then to some fancy grot I will hie,
And hide till the close of the day.
And then as the golden sun marks,
I will dance to his last setting ray
Free as the air I will be,
Like the silver moon closing the day,
Silently to the deep lake,
I am borne on her pale beams away,—
Where the sea-nymph her yellow hair waves,
As she sails 'neath the moon's mystic ray,
By her smile from the flowery bank led,
In her bright car, I'll float far away.

The Low-back'd Car.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flow'rs of spring
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never axed her for the toll,
But just touched his hat and bell,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes demands the tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy peaceful goes her way,
Her cart in no danger may
Disturb the man down in the cabin
Kerbong,
As right and left they fly—
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the lookers act
Cupid's [illegible]
Than [illegible] low-back'd car.

Should Peggy round her cart, sir,
Has stores of ducks and geese,
But the coxes of hens and slaughters,
By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love,
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers came near and far, far,
And envy the chichen
That Peggy is picking—
As she sits in her low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With, Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forlorn me,
On cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
While my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh! my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

Sweet Mary of the Vale.

WHERE Nature sheds a calm repose,
There stands a cottage fair;
Where twines the jasmine and the rose,
Whose fragrance scent the air.
It seems like some enchanted bower
Secure from sorrow's gale,
Where beauty guards her fairest flower—
Sweet Mary of the vale.

Her voice is like a bird in spring,
When first the violet blows;
Her step is like the poplar's wing—
Her heart with feeling glows.
Oh! would it were my happy lot,
In life's romantic tale,
With such a flower to deck my cot,
Sweet Mary of the vale.

Sam Hall.

Sung by Mr. G. W. Ross.

Oh my name it is Sam Hall,
Chimney sweep! chimney sweep
Oh name it is Sam Hall,
Oh chimney sweep!
My name is Sam Hall,
I have robbed both great and small,
And now I pay for all—
D——n my eyes!

My master taught me flam—
Taught me flam.
My master taught me flam,
Though he know'd it all for sham,
And now I must go hang—
D——n his eyes!

I goes up Holborn Hill in a cart,
In a cart!
I goes up Holborn Hill,
As Sir Gilbert takes my Gill,
And say yarn makes my will—
D——n my eyes.

Then the sheriff he will come,
He will come.
Then the sheriff he will come,
And will look so gallows glum,
And will talk of kingdom come—
D——n his eyes.

Then the hangman will come to,
Will come to.
Then the hangman will come to,
With all the Sheriff's too,
And he'll tell me what to do—
D——n his eyes.

And now I goes up stairs,
Goes up stairs,
Here's an end to all my cares;
So tip us all your prayers—
D——n your eyes.

My Beautiful my Own.

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

(Music—at Cramer & Co.)

Oh! how I love to gaze upon
The brightness of thy brow,
To mark the lustre of thine eyes
And dwell within it's glow;
To list the music of thy voice,
Soft as the seraphic tone,

Will You Love Me when as Now?

YOU have told me that you love me,
And your heart's thoughts now [illegible] speak,
As you look on me so fondly,
And the life blood tints your cheek.
May I trust that these warm feelings,
Never will [illegible],
And that [illegible] remain unalter'd
In this [illegible] world of change?
When the [illegible] of [illegible] and sorrow
[illegible]
And my spirit [illegible]
Will you [illegible]
Though our youth may pass unheeded
In a peaceful happy home,
Yet as year on year advances,
Changes must upon us come
For the step will loose its lightness,
And the hair be chang'd to grey,
Eyes once bright give up their lustre,
And the hopes of youth decay;
When all these have pass'd upon me,
And stern age has touch'd my brow,
Will the change find you unchanging,
Will you love me then as now?

Aileen Mavourneen.

HE tells me he loves me, and can I believe
The heart he has wooed can wish to deceive;
For ever and always his sweetest words to me
Are Aileen mavourneen, acushla machree.
Last night when we parted, his gentle good-bye
A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh,
And still the sweet words he whispered to me,
My Aileen mavourneen, acushla machree.
The friend of my childhood, the friend of my youth,
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth,
Oh, still the same words he whispers to me,
My Aileen mavourneen, acushla machree.
Oh, when will the day come, the dear happy day,
That a maiden may hear all a lover can say;
And he speaks out the words he now whispers to me,
My Aileen mavourneen, acushla machree.

Dearest, then I'll love thee more

Y[illegible]
We[illegible]
This [illegible]ly
E'[illegible]
No—my [illegible]anges,
Hopes lik[illegible] can [illegible] soar,
If the love I [illegible]
It will be[illegible]
Though [illegible]
An[illegible]
Love[illegible]
Li[illegible]
showers
We will share our griefs and gladness,
In the future as of yore,
And in all our hours of sadness,
Dearest, then I'll love thee more.
Youth may pass, but ask not whether
When you're old I'll love as true
Shall we not grow old together,
And Time's changes mark us too?
Life may cease, but then to heaven
Will my pure affection soar,
Yes, when freed from earthly sadness,
Dearest, then I'll love thee more.

The Fireside at Home.

OH, the fireside at home,
Which for many past years,
Has witnessed my boyhood,
My smiles and my tears;
By whose side I have paused
In childhood's sunny time;
There, perched on my sire's knee,
Whose heart so gay as mine.
Ah, those bright hours are fled,
Alas, for ever flown,
Ne'er, ne'er can I forget
The old fireside at home.
How bright at Christmas time
Shone out its rich red glare;
Tinting the glossy holly
And merry faces there,
Reflected in bright eyes
Was its flickering glow,
And its warm cheerful light
Many loved forms did show.
How hearty, then, each laugh,
Sacred care away has flown,
Ne'er, ne'er can I forget,
The old fireside at home.

In fancy now I see,
The happy group then there,
Can hear the boist'rous laugh,
And view the Christmas fare;
Can see the blushing maid,
'Neath the mistletoe kissed,
While the silver haired grandad,
Laughs loud with the rest.
There to my fond parents,
I proudly called my own,
All bid me ne'er forget
The old fireside at home.

These hallowed hours again
[illegible]
[illegible]days,
[illegible]
[illegible] dead—
[illegible],
[illegible]

[illegible]ee, do! I'll call my Mother.

[illegible]sitting[illegible],
[illegible]
Musing in pleasant attitude,
Who should come by but John, my lover!
He pressed my hand, and kissed my cheek,
Then warmer growing kissed the other,
While I exclaimed, and tried to shriek,
Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!
He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me,
And wiping from my cheek a tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me;
He feigned such pretty amorous woe,
Breathed such fond vows one after t'other,
I could but smile, while whispering low,
Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!
He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a sigh he rose to leave me!
Oh, John, said I, and must thou go?
I love thee better than all other;
There is no need to hurry so,
I never meant to tell my mother.

The Derby Ram.

AS I was going to Derby, 'twas on a market day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay;
This ram was fat behind, sir, this ram was fat before,
This ram was ten yards high, sir, indeed he was no more.
The butcher that kill'd this ram, sir, was up to his knees in blood,
The boy that held the pail, sir, was carried away by the flood;
The wool that grew upon his back, was ten yards and an ell,
And that was sent to Derby, to toll the market bell.

On Alma's Heights.

ON Alma's heights the Russians
stood, and proudly lifted high
His banner, and his eagle dark out
spread before the sky;
His mighty host, as iron strong,
extending wide and far,
Exulting cried—"We fight, we die,
for thee, our God, the Czar!"
My Colin kissed his darling boy,
and fled, the ranks to gain—
A nobler or a braver man ne'er trod
the battle-plain.
I inly pray'd that God that day the
right would save and free;
I only know where Colin fought, and
that was right to me.

St. Arnaud then, with Raglan led;
the fearful strife began,
And fire and sword their deadly
course pursued from man to man
They say the day was nobly won,
the foeman humbled fell:—
But oh! the dreadful deeds I saw
my heart would fail to tell.
I clasp'd my child and onward
press'd; I strove the field to gain
Where'er I trod there stretch'd
around the dying and the slain
I fondly dream'd my own was spar'd
to swell the victors' cries;
But Colin welter'd in his blood, the
death-dew on his eyes.

I knew his life was ebbing fast, and
knelt me by his side;
And bitter then I felt the lot that
waits the soldier's bride.
I rais'd his head, when, oh! he gave
one last sad look and moan;
He turn'd and sigh'd, 'God give the
strength to reach thy Highland
home!'
On Alma's banks they laid him low
with many a comrade brave;
My child and me they found, and
brought across the stormy wave
And now I wander, wander on, so
helpless, sad, and lone,
And oft I sigh, 'Oh, give me strength
to reach my Highland home.'

I cannot leave Old England

Composed and Sung by E. L. Hime

I cannot leave Old England,
And yet I hear them say,
My lot will still be chequer'd
With sorrow if I stay;
It is not wealth I covet,
I only ask to share
The blessings few, or many,
That Heav'n may deign to spare
I grieve to part from many,
I never more may see,
But England, dear old England,
It still my home shall be.
But England, &c.

I cannot leave old England,
Yet thickly fall my tears
When parting from the dear ones,
I've loved thro' many years;
Oh! may their lot be brighter
Than mine is doomed to be!
Yet grant me still contentment,
'Tis wealth enough for me.
Life's sun will soon be setting,
Beneath my native sky,
In England, dear old England,
There let me live and die.
In England, &c.

Cheer up, Sam!

I once did love a colour'd girl,
I thought that she loved me,
She was a bright eyed yaller gal,
As ever you did see:
But she has proved unconstant,
And left me here to tell—
The sorrows dat my heart bewails,
For deceitful Sarah Bell.
Cheer up, Sam, don't let your spirits go down,
There's many a gal dat you know well,
Looking for you in the town.

I had not much to give her,
And what I had I gave,
For wealth and riches don't belong
To one dat is a slave;
De white man came with dollars,
She went with him to dwell,
And broke the vows she made to me
Deceitful Sarah Bell.

Yes! all the while working,
And cutting down the corn,
Oh! I often sigh within me,
And wish I ne'er was born.
Perhaps she's gay and happy,
Wherever she may dwell,
While this poor heart is breaking,
For deceitful Sarah Bell.

Joe in the copper.

I'M going to tell a story,
The truth of which I know,
Of Mary Anne, a servant girl,
Whose sweetheart's name was Joe
Of her mistress and her six-room'd
house
She was by no means proud,
For 'twas one of those strict places,
Where No followers are allowed.

I heard her once relate,
How her mistress she did do,
One evening when her Joseph came—
And he was nigh done too!
One night, said she, my missus went
Quite early to the play,
And just as if it was to be,
My Joseph came that way.

He threw stones at the window,
I opened the area gate,
And let him in, and laid the cloth
For supper, 'ere 'twas late;
As nice a ham as e'er you clapp'd
Your two eyes on, was there,
And as luck would have it, on that
day
The man had brought the beer.

When all at once came Missus home
Whatever should I do?
(She'd changed her mind about the
play)
So down the stairs I flew;
Poor Joseph creeping like a cat,
Into the copper slid,
Ah! lucky thought!—but how I felt
As I popped down the lid.

Then down came Missus, and said she
We wash to-morrow morn,
You'd better light the copper fire,
And make the water warm.
I nearly dropp'd down with affright
But I was forced to go,
And dip the water, which I poured
Into the copper, on poor Joe.

I whisper'd to dear Joseph,
As the first pail roused his ire,
Don't never mind the water dear,
I won't make up much fire.
My missus brought the lucifer,
And I was forced to strike it,
And to light the fire—while poor Joe
Kicked as if he didn't like it.

I reany sank while he got hot,
When a thought came in my head,
And down in the garden missus ran,
To see which of her fowls was dead
She took the candle in her hand,
And by its flickering glimmer,
Up the area steps Joe bolted,
Just as he began to simmer.

Breathe soft, ye winds.

BREATHE soft, ye winds! ye
waters, gently flow!
Shield her, ye trees! ye flow'rs
around her grow!
Ye swains, I beg you pass in silence
by,
My love in yonder vale doth lie.

What will they say in England.

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves with unabounded applause.

WHAT will they say in England,
when there the story's told,
Of deeds of might, on Alma's heights
done by the brave and bold?
Of Russia proud at noon-tide humbled ere set of sun;
They'll say, 'twas like old England.
they'll say, 'twas nobly done
What will they say in England? when
hush'd in awe and dread,
Fond hearts thro' all our happy homes
think of the mighty dead:
And muse in speechless anguish, on
father, brother, son—,
They'll say in dear old England,
God's holy will be done.
What will they say in England? the
matron and the maid,
Whose widow'd wither'd hearts have
found the price that each has paid
The gladness that their homes have
lost, for all the glory won:
They'll say, in Christian England,
God's holy will be done.
What will they say in England? our
names by night and day,
Are in their hearts, & on their lips,
when they laugh, or weep, or pray
They watch on earth, they plead with
heav'n, then lorward to the fight
Who droops, or fears, when England
cheers! & God defends the right

The Gipsey Girl.

THEY wiled me from my greenwood home,
They won me from the tent,
And slightingly they spake of scenes
Where my young days were spent.
They dazzled me with halls of light
But tears would sometimes start;
They said 'twas but to charm the eye
And they might win the heart.
They little knew what ties of love
Had bound me to their spell,
The greenwood was my happiest home
And there I longed to dwell.
They gave me gems to bind my hair
I longed the while for flowers
Fresh gather'd by my gipsey friends,
From nature's wildest bowers.
They gave me books,—I lov'd alone
To read the starry skies; (loved
They taught me songs,—the songs I
Were nature's melodies.
I never heard a captive bird,
But, panting to be free,
I longed to burst his prison door,
And share his liberty.
'Twas kindly meant, & kindly hearts
Were theirs who had me roam
From nature, and her forests free,
To share the City's home (white
The woods are green, the hedges
With leaves and blossoms fair,
There's music in the forest now,
And I too must be there.
O do not chide the Gipsey Girl,
O call me not unkind,
I ne'er shall meet so dear a friend
As her I leave behind;
Yet I must to the greenwood
My heart has long been there,
And nothing but the greenwood now
Can save me from despair.

There's Fortune on before us, boys!

Music and words by G. H. Russell.

THERE'S fortune on before us, boys,
We'll seek it day by day;
And if we strive and persevere,
'Twill meet us half the way.
With toilful brow and stalwart arm
We've sought it far and near;
Oh! never let your courage fail,
But strive and persevere.
There's fortune, &c.
With honest truth & good stout hearts
Wherever we may roam,
No thorny path, nor rugged road,
But brings us safely home.
So join with head, with heart & hand
And drive despair away;
Fortune is within our reach,
We'll work and win the day.
Then courage boys, the day will come
To soothe our cares and pain,
When happiness shall smile on us,
And in our dwellings reign,
And we shall live to bless the hour
When we worked to win the day,
So fortune will our efforts crown,
Success must lead the way.

Three cheers for an Irish stew.

Parody on Red, White, & Blue.

SOME like red herrings, fresh from the ocean,
Others dote on a bit of pigs fry,
Some like ox cheek, I've a notion;
Others live upon puddings & pie.
In the soup shops thousands assemble
And feed off of soup made of glue,
But to me there's nothing resembles
A real ould Irish stew.
So good luck to an Irish stew,
Three cheers for an Irish stew,
Faith to me there's nothing resembles
A rale ould Irish stew.

When the tater blight spread desolation,
And fire scorched the stew to deform
Old Nick too threatened the nation
But he never can ride thro' the storm.
For our soldiers and sailors already
To blaze his strong forts have blew,
For the thing to keep Britons all (steady
Is a good mess of Irish stew.
So good luck to an Irish stew,
Long life to an Irish stew,
For a mess for all tars, in all weathers
Is a good ould Irish stew.
Then the stew boys, the stew, boys, bring hither,
And I'll feast till up to the brim,
May the stew of St. Patrick ne'er whither, (dim;
Nor the name of a murphy grow
May the spud and the onion ne'er sever, (up to view,
When with good meat it's brought
May the Queen & the people get ever
A good ould Irish stew.
Then three cheers for an Irish stew
Good luck to an Irish stew,
May the army and navy get ever
A real ould Irish stew.

The old chimney corner.

IN the dear old chimney corner
let us circle round the fire,
For the winds it whistles mournfully, chill fall the ev'ning dew
Our fire has life existence, heap the
blazing faggots hither,
As warm and bright it kindles, will each bosom kindle too;
'Tis a friend, a glad companion; thro' the lonely winter night,
Its creation how delightful, to neglect it were a shame;
How blazes, how it sparkles, as it bursts from smoke to light—
With life and voice it leaps, it speaks feed merry hearts the flame.
In the old chimney corner, in the old chimney corner,
In the dear old chimney corner let us circle round the fire.

In the snug old chimney corner is the offering burnt of home,
The sacrifice of heart at hospitality's shrine,
The incense of good fellowship, we'll raise to all that come,
From which, as high the smoke ascends, we'll draw omens divine
By the fire, what fairy visions in thy cheerful front we trace,
Bright faces, sunny landscapes, that still smile at every care;
Thy ashes tell us we must die, but thoughts of sorrow chase,
And with our fireside songs, my merry hearts, defy despair.
In the old chimney corner, &c.

Answer to the Irish Emigrant.

I'M coming back to you, Mary,
Australia's shores I find,
Can yield no balm to sooth my
grief, to ease my troubled
mind;
Nature smiles in joy, M[illegible]
happy forms I [illegible]
With kind and faithf[illegible]
but all is d[illegible]

There's food a[illegible]
and h[illegible]
h[illegible]
Has shed its [illegible]
[illegible]
But where [illegible] thy [illegible]
still, thy form [illegible]
Death hath d[illegible]
Mary, that kindly beamed
on me.

Oh, we were happy once, Mary, thy
voice to heaven arose,
And warbled forth the evening
hymn to soothe thy babe's
repose;
Yes, thou wert beautiful, Mary,
thy babe was lovely too,
The birds sung sweet around our
cot, and showers brighter
grew.

Oh, I was happy then, Mary, when
after daily toil,
Thy voice like music cheered my
heart, and I saw thy welcome smile;
But cruel want came on, Mary, and
sickness paled thy brow,
And death has blighted all my
home, and I am lonely now.

I have crossed the sea, Mary, thy
angel spirit's near;
Dost thou not hear me call thy
name? Ah, no, thou canst
not hear,
I'm kneeling on the turf, Mary,
where you so calmly lie,
I've come to join my babe and thee,
and lay me down to die.

The Cuckucha Song.

(Music, at Jeffrys & Co.'s,)

COME, O come!
Castanets are gaily sounding,
Light feet to their notes are bounding;
Merry dance, and joyous song,
Cheer on now that happy throng.
Never yet did music's measure
Bear such thrilling notes of pleasure;
Hearts and eyes are fill'd with glee,
And gayest of the gay we'll be.
Day is past:
Star's now brightly beam above us,
Hearts are near that fondly love us;
Sweet guitar and mandoline,
Give new pleasure to the scene.
Come, then, come.
Never yet, &c.

Robin Ruff, sequel to Gaffer Green.

[illegible]AVE you heard the strange
news just come down, Gaffer
Gray,
[illegible]w're talking of now, far
[illegible]ar,
[illegible]g Robin Ruff hath
[illegible] sure enough,
[illegible] got a thousand a
year, Gaffer Gray,
[illegible] now got a thousand
[illegible]ear.

[illegible]b's a good heart, and
[illegible], Master Cross,
[illegible] not change him, never
[illegible]
[illegible] of the poor he will not
[illegible]ear,
Though he has got a thousand
a year, Master Cross,
Though he has got a thousand
a year.

It would be but the way of the
world, Gaffer Gray,
If Rob did not now see quite so
clear,
They say *yellow* mists rise and
dim a man's eyes,
When he once gets a thousand
a year, Gaffer Gray,
When he once gets a thousand
a year.

Rob's eyes were not dim t'other
day, Master Cross,
When his poor old friend Harry
was here,
He soon cured his pain, and made
sunshine again,
With a touch of his thousand
a year, Master Cross,
With a touch of his thousand
a year.

But Rob must take care, must take
care, Gaffer Gray,
Or he'l spend all his new-gotten
gear,
How much better it would be, he
might want it, d'ye see,
If he saved all his thousand
a year, Gaffer Gray,
If he saved but his thousand
a year.

If he spends the last pound that
he's got, Master Cross,
He'll be richer than some folk, I
fear;
For a heart such as Rob's, though
'neath tatters it throbs,
Is worth ten times a thousand
a year, Master Cross,
Is worth ten times a thousand
a year.

The Merry Meeting.

THOUGH we good friends are
nothing loth
To tip the best of honest broth,
To-day we'll have a merry bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.

The cook will do her best to-day,
That she should hasten nothing say;
Come, come along, the table spread,
Bring roast and boil'd, the whitest
bread,
For we will have a merry bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.

Though we can fast a day once,
The frugal plan will we forego,
And we will have a merry merry
bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.
The pudding's boiling in the pot,
The chine and turkey piping hot,
The dinner serve without delay,
And we will carve and cut away.
Yes, we will have a merry merry
merry bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.

Ah, that will do—'tis just the
thing—
This fare so good would please a
king,
And we will have a merry merry
bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.
The wassail bowl around shall go,
'Twill make our kinder feelings
flow,
And now before our feasting ends,
We'll drink a health to absent
friends,
And wish 'em all a merry merry
bout,
A jovial feasting, breaking out.

The Mermaid's Cave.

(Music, at Wybrow's.)

COME, mariner, down in the
deep with me,
And hide thee under the clear sea;
For I have a bed of coral for thee,
And quiet and secret shall thy
slumbers be,
In a cell of the mermaid's cave.
Come, mariner, down in the deep
with me,
And hide thee under the wave;
And quiet and secret shall thy
slumbers be,
In a cell of the mermaid's cave.
And she who is waiting with cheek
so pale,
At the tempest and ocean's roar,
And weeps, when she hears the
menacing gale,
Or sighs to behold her mariner's
sail,
Come whitening up to the shore.
Come, mariner, down, &c.

She has not long to linger for thee,
Her sorrows will soon be o'er,
For the cord shall be broken, the
prisoner free,
Her eye shall close, and her breathe
will be,
So sweet, she will wake no more.
Come, mariner, down, &c.

The [illegible] Hand.

G[illegible]

Give m[illegible]

Give m[illegible]

Give m[illegible]

Soft [illegible]

Hard [illegible]

Soft p[illegible]

Give [illegible] that is friendly

Give me the hand that is true as a
brother,
Give me the hand that has harm'd
not another;
Give me the hand that has never
foresworn it,
Give me its grasp that I aye may
adore it.

Lovely the palm of the fair blue-
eyed maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman
o'erladen;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—
never;
Give me the grasp that is friendly
for ever!

Give me the grasp that is honest and
hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshakled
by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp
that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the
summer.

Give me the hand that is true as a
brother,
Give me the hand that has wronged
not another;
Soft [illegible] hard palm, it matters
not—never,
Give me the hand that is friendly
for ever!

The Begger, and the Pope.

A beggar got a beadle,
A beadle got a woman,
A woman got a prentice,
A prentice got a freeman:
The freeman got a master,
The master got a knight;
The lease made by a gentleman,
And justice of the peace.

The justice being rich,
And gallant in desire,
He marry'd with a lady,
And he got a squire;
The squire got a knight,
Of courage bold and stout;
The knight he got a lord,
And so it came about.

The lord he got a mask,
His country he forsook,
He travell'd into Spain,
And there he got a duke;
The duke he got a prince,
The prince a king of Spain;
The king he got an emperor,
The emperor got the pope.

Thus, as the story says,
The pope he got to Rome,
From which he soon did [illegible]
Fetch did by him stand;
For [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] beggar [illegible]
A beggar for England, &c.

[illegible] is on the move.

(Music at Mr. Davidson's.)

[illegible] the move,
[illegible] look about;
[illegible] improve,
[illegible] doubt;
[illegible] understand,
[illegible] throughout the land
[illegible] at hand,
[illegible] ringing out.

[illegible] hearts despond,
[illegible] the sky,
[illegible] beyond,
[illegible] bye;
Ere the [illegible] the [illegible] urge
Shall [illegible] merge,
[illegible] shall be nigh.

[illegible]
Can be done, can be done;
Since [illegible] will [illegible] as [illegible],
[illegible]
And with union, what we will
Can be all accomplished still.
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly none, singly none.

Brag and bluster float as froth,
O'er the wave, o'er the wave;
Gory treason worse than both,
Fools may rave, fools may rave;
But the honest hands that link
With the solemn heads that think,
And for pikes use pen and ink,
Are the brave, are the brave.

Let us onward, then, for right—
Nothing more, nothing more;
And let justice be the might
We adore, we adore.
Build no hopes upon the sand,
For a people hand in hand,
Can make this a better land
Than before, than before.

Our country blest d with all,
Look around, look around;
No tyranny, no bloodshed,
Here is found, here is found,
So with heart and voice we cheer
The Queen we love so dear,
Let her reign in peace, no fear,
From those around, those around.

There's room enough for all.

(Music at Mr. Davidson's.)

WHAT need of all this fuss and
strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd
of life,
Keep trampling on each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But struggling to be behind?
Oh! fellow men, remember
then,
Whatever chance befal,
The world is wide in lands be-
side
There's room enough for all!

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour;
There is a land with sunny skies
Which cold for toil is crying,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can find employ.
Oh! [illegible]
[illegible]
Whatever chance befal,
[illegible]
[illegible]
There's room [illegible]

From [illegible] courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where fresh
sports
In rural hills and valleys;
Where ev'ry hand that clears a
bough
Finds plenty to attend,
And every furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd
den;
And lodging cramp'd and small;
The world is wide in lands be-
side,
There's room enough for all!

In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay
And toil will earn enjoyment!
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother;
Why need we in the crowd of life
Keep trampling on each other?
Oh! fellow men, remember
then,
Whatever chance befal,
The world is wide, where things
abide,
There's room enough for all!

The Blooming Heather.

AS I was coming home
From the fair of Ballimanie,
I met a comely lass,
She was fairer than Diana.
I ask'd her where she liv'd,
As we jogg'd on together;
By yon bonny mountain side,
She replied, amongst the heather.

Lassie, I'm in love with you,
You have so many charms,
My heart is in a low with you,
My bosom to you warms;
The blithe blinks of your een,
And your person is so clevis,
I'd fondly wed with you,
You're my lassie o'er the heather.

Dinna think, young man,
I believe what you have spoken;
Nor dinna think, young man,
I would be so easy taken;
For I am happy and dim mood,
With my frame and my mithers,
It would ask a canny chiel
To wile me fra the heather.

Lassie, condescend with me,
And dinna be sae cruel,
Spare to me one kiss, my dear,
One kiss of thee, my jewel.
If I would give you one,
You would surely ask another,
And may be closely join,
To tent me 'mang the heather.

Now hear me, bonnie lass,
I have houses, I have land,
And whatever else I have
Shall be at your command,
Oh, if that be your will,
Here's my hand, let's join together;
Then he kiss'd and kiss'd the [illegible]
And she's [illegible] the
heather.

Mother is the Battle o'er.

MOTHER is the battle o'er?
Thousands have been slain
they say,
Is my Father coming?—tell me,
Has the English gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded?
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me,
Will my Father come again?

Mother dear, you're always sighing
Since you last the papers read,
Tell me, why you now are crying,
Why that cap is on your head?
Ah!—I see you cannot tell me,
Father's one among the slain,
Although he loved us very dearly,
He will never come again.

Yes, my boy, your noble Father
Is one number'd with the slain,
We shall not see him more on Earth,
But in Heaven we'll meet again.
He died for Old England's glory,
Our day may not be far between,
But I hope at the last moment
That we all shall meet again.

The Queen's Letter.

THERE came a tale to England,
'Twas of a battle won;
And nobly had her warriors,
That day their duty done;
They fell like sheaves in Autumn,
Yet mid that fearful scene,
Their last shout was for England,
Their last breath for the Queen.

There came a tale to England,
Of suffering, want, and woe,
Of the night-watch in the trenches,
Of the sortie by the foe;
'Mid rain and storm, and sickness,
With no rest, no pause between;
And there was grief through England
From the humblest to the Queen.

Then wrote the Queen of England,
(God's blessing on her pen,)
"Oh tell those noble wounded,
Those sick, patient, suffering men,
There's not a heart in England,
Can feel a pang more keen,
That day and night, her own loved troops,
Are thought of by their Queen."

Then rose a shout through England,
From them 'twas wafted o'er,
From those sick wounded soldiers,
And it rang from shore to shore;
From Alma and Balaklava,
And Inkermann it came,
"God bless the Queen of England,
Again we'd do the same."

Forgive but don't forget.

I'M going, Jessie, far from thee,
To distant lands beyond the sea—
I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
With anger's cloud upon thy brow,
Remember that thy mirthful friend,
Might sometimes please but ne'er offend,
That mirthful friend is sad the while
Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile!
I'm going, &c.

Ah, why should friendship harshly chide,
Our little faults on either side?
From friends we love we bear with those
As thorns are pardon'd for the rose.
The honey bee on busy wing,
Producing sweets, yet bears a sting,
The purest gold must needs alloy,
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.
I'm going, &c.

Then, oh, forgive me ere I part,
And if some corner in thy heart,
For absent friend a place might be,
Oh, keep that little place for me.
Forgive, forget, we'er wisely told,
Is held a maxim good and old,
But half the maxim's better yet,
Then, oh forgive, but don't forget.
I'm going, &c.

When the yellow corn is dancing

WHEN the yellow corn is dancing
In the sunbeam's golden light;
And the lark, with voice entrancing,
Carols from his topmost height;
Clover fields, sweet perfumes breathing,
Kiss the wanton summer breeze;
Rose and woodbine garlands wreathing
Mock the bloom on cherry trees;
Come with me,
Poesie,
On every hand bright gems is throwing
Fancy's power,
Rules the hour,
Waking Joy, who blithly sings,
Tra, la la la la la.

When to music's dulcet measure,
Youthful hearts enraptured beat;
Then the dance, oh, thrilling pleasure
Claims our light fantastic feet.
Round, in giddy circles whirling,
Graceful waltzers fleetly hie,
Or in sprightly Polkas twirling,
Teach the happy hours to fly.
Come with me,
Melody,
Like the sunbeams, gladness shedding,
Bounding mirth,
Shakes the earth,
While enraptured Echo rings,
Tra, la la la la, &c.

England the Land of the Oak.

THERE'S a sweet little isle standing bold on the wave,
Unconquer'd and peerless, the oceans bright queen,
Where Freedom encircles the brow of the brave,
And the birth-place of Liberty there may be seen.
'Twas here where ambition's proud despot first found
That his legions or threats but a smile could provoke,
Would you pledge the proud spot, fill a bumper all round,
For 'tis England, Old England, the Land of the Oak
'Tis England, &c.

There's a sweet little isle, shining bright o'er the sea,
Where the forest king richly enshadows the plain,
And plumes with his beauty this land of the free,
While he falls but to rise for her glory again.
'Twas here where old Neptune first rose to declare,
The decrees which nor ages nor fates can revoke,
That her banners triumphant should float through the air,
And her name be Old England, the Land of the Oak.

There's a sweet little isle, peering high on the main,
Where beauty and virtue adorn a bright throne,
And the Queen of its glory can boast 'mid her train,
Courage, liberty, honour, and friendship tried know.
Blest home of the friendless, dear land of my birth,
On thee my last breath shall a blessing invoke,
I pledge thee, and claim thee, as the meed of thy worth,
A bumper for England the Land of the Oak,
A bumper for England, &c.

Old England shall weather the storm.

OLD England thy stamina never has yielded,
To the ills that have menac'd abroad and at home;
And while all your energies nobly are wielded,
Triumphant you still shall support Freedom's dome.
Distress for a moment may dim your bright glory,
But the clouds shall pass over—no cares shall deform,
Thy councils and people shall tell the proud story,
Old England for ever shall weather the storm.

Thy force, single-handed, has long been victorious,
The friend of the suffering—the pride of the brave;
Thy struggles, privations, have ever been glorious,
The birth-place of Liberty—home of the slave.
Yes, yes, there's a spirit within thee proclaiming,
No blast of misfortune thy strength can disarm;
Like thine own native oak, the rude tempest disdaining,
Old England for ever shall weather the storm.

Adieu, my Native Land.

ADIEU my native Land adieu,
The vessel spreads her swelling sails,
Perhaps I never more may view,
Your fertile fields, your flowery dales;
Delusive hope can charm no more,
Far from the faithless maid I roam,
Unfriendly seek some foreign shore,
Unpitied leave my peaceful home.
Adieu, &c.

Farewell dear village, oh, farewell,
Soft on the gale the murmur dies,
I hear thy evening's solemn bell,
Thy spires glad my aching eyes;
Tho' frequent falls the dazzling tears,
I scorn to shrink from fate's decree;
And think not cruel maid that e'er,
I'll breathe another sigh for thee.

In vain thro' shades of frowning night
My eyes thy rocky coast explore,
Deep sinks the fiery orbs of light,
I view thy beacons now no more.
Rise, billows rise, blow hollow winds,
Night nor storms, nor death I fear,
Ye friendly bear me hence to find,
That peace which fate denies me here.

Sicilian Maid.

I Knew a Sicilian maid,
Whose sire was a crusty old elf;
And he was sorely afraid,
This maiden would marry for herself!
He kept her close under controul,
By means of a strong lock and key;
This maiden one evening, poor soul,
Look'd down from her lattice on me!
This, &c.

Her window with iron he barr'd,
To none she could utter a word;
I thought it was monstrous hard,
That this maid should be caged like a bird:
At night, when sleep conquer'd her sire,
I flew with a heart light and free!
And said, should the house be on fire,
Sweet maiden come down unto me!
And said, &c.

Some branches I burnt, and the smoke
By the wind, to the house was conveyed;
I cried fire till her father awoke,
And let down this poor trembling maid!
He was nearly dead with the fright,
But no flame nor no sparks could he see;
Then this maiden flew down with delight,
And quickly got wedded to me!
This, &c.

Old Towler.

BRIGHT chanticlear proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn,
Dogs, huntsmen round the window throng
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Arise, the burthen of their song,
This day a stag must die:
With a hey ho chivey,
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy.
Hark forward, hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, tantivy hark forward, tantivy,
Arise, the burthen of their song,
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round
The laugh and joke prevail;
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale:
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey ho chivey, &c.

Poor stag the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face
The huntsmen's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace:
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey ho chivey, &c.

The Dew is on the Grass.

SOFTLY, softly will I pass,
As I steal out love to thee
When the dew is on the grass,
And the moonlight on the tree.
When the soft winds in the shade,
Murmur fitfully in sleep,
And the hues of day-light fade,
In the bosom of the deep.
Gently, gently will I glide,
To our quiet trysting tree,
When the sun's last beam hath died,
And the stars look on the sea,
When the moonbeam pale and cold
Glances thro' the forest shade,
Shall thy tales of love be told,
And thy vows of truth be made.
When the dew &c.

Dulce Domum.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood,
Oft rought by travellers weary,
And long it proved the blest abode,
Of Edward and of Mary:
For her he chas'd the mountain goat
O'er Alps and glaciers bounding,
For her the Chamois he would shoot
Dark horrors all surrounding.
But evening come,
He sought his home,
And anxious, lovely woman,
She hail'd the sight,
And every night,
The cottage rung,
As they sung,
Oh! Dulce, Dulce, Domum.

But soon alas! the scene of bliss,
Was chang'd to prospects dreary,
For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,
And Edward left his Mary.
To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
'Gainst Gallia's foes contending,
And by unequal numbers crush'd,
He died his land defending.
The evening come,
He sought not home,
Whilst she, distracted woman,
Goes wild with dread,
Now seeks him dead,
And hears the knell,
That bids farewell.
To Dulce, Dulce, Domum.

Uncle Ned.

I ONCE knew a nigger and his name was Uncle ned,
But he's gone dead long ago;
He's got no wool on the top of his head,
In the place where wool ought to grow

Hand up the shovel and the hoe,
Lay down the fiddle and the bow,
There's no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good niggers go.

His nails were as long as the cain in the break,
He's got no eyes for to see,
He's got no teeth to eat the oat cake,
He's forced to let the oat cake be.
Hand up the shovel, &c.

On a cold frosty morning this nigger he died,
In the church-yard they laid him low,
And the Niggers all said that they were afraid,
His like they never should know.
Hand up the shovel, &c.